Infinite Universes by BrazilianWriter

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Summary:

On a rainy and cold night, Mike lends his coat to a beautiful stranger on the subway.
or
chapter six: Jane is just so fucking tired of her neighbor's noises
An AU compilation where Mike and El meet for the first time.
Each chapter is a oneshot and presents different times, ages, and places. I'm open to chapter suggestions!

1. 1995 - on a new york subway

My native language is not English and although I know the language a lot, I am not fluent. Much of the translation will be done by google translator. Thank you for understanding if grammatical or cohesive errors occur.

1995.

New York.

Mike looked out of the subway window and stared at the blurred landscape outside.

It was autumn and the rain made every corner of the city feel freezing. Sinking a little deeper into his huge coat, Mike tried to ignore the water inside his shoes and the sense of anguish inside his chest. He tried to pretend that this tightness did not exist, ashamed of the feelings that surrounded him whenever he thought of the commitment he had to face in a few days. He should be happy, he should celebrate with true joy as all his other friends did.

I mean, Lucas and Max are *finally* getting married!

After ten years of dating and various obstacles being overcome (like Max's idiot brother, for example), his friends had finally settled and head in place and realized that they wanted to spend the rest of their lives together.

As if Mike, Will, and Dustin had not known that since they was fifteen.

They wanted a simple ceremony with just the presence of friends and family. New York seemed like a great place for the wedding, since the two already lived there and it was near the cities where Mike and the other boys lived. And it was not just the wedding of two of his best friends, but the wedding he was invited to be groomsman.

Groomsman!

Mike buried his face in his hands and felt the envelope in his pocket weigh a little. Luke's well-meaning words weighed in his ears.

"*You have an extra invitation if you want to take someone in. You know, my mom would love to see everyone celebrating our love with the people they love.*"

Mike rolled his eyes with jealousy tilting his stomach. That was the problem.

There was no one to take because his love life was rubbish.

Since his teenage years Mike suspected that he had no luck in the requirement of love. He was a romantic, who gave himself easily, who had to constantly hear from Dustin that he had "heart eyes" His early encounters were intense, but quick, all ending with him heartbroken. Will used to say that he was an "incurable romantic" who was destined to love as quickly and intensely as he could.

God, Mike hopes not.

He gave up over the years. It was easier just to stay in his own, without thinking about love relationships. It was easier than his ego allowed, actually. After all, he was a twenty-five-year-old six-foot-tall nerd, skinny as fuck, mechatronically engineered, and who had an embarrassing collection of comic books in his apartment. His hair was black and wild, his skin pale and the freckles so plentiful that they were a laughingstock in high school. He was ungainly, his legs too long, always bumping into everything and everyone when he was embarrassed. He was a bit shy too. Not so much when Will, who was famous for speaking ten words a day on average, but he was not Dustin, who got everyone's attention with his funny jokes and comments.

Anyway, we could say that he was not very attractive to the ladies.

Mike took the extra invitation with his hand and stared at it, running his thumb over the decorated white paper.

Max & Lucas would love your presence to celebrate their love with them.

Mike laughed lightly through his nose. What a cliché thing. Max must have had an itchy fit when she saw the invitations that were definitely Erica's idea.

The small smile on his lips quickly disappeared.

Will would take his handsome new boyfriend to the wedding. Dustin is probably still dating the scientist he met at work a few months ago. Nancy and Jonathan would be coming. Joyce and Bob too. Even Erica was taking her new boyfriend.

He would be the only bachelor at the party. As in all celebrations. Like at Nancy and Jonathan's wedding, or at Thanksgiving, Will's birthday, last year's new year-.

His thoughts were interrupted as she stepped into the wagon.

God.

She is *beautiful*.

The young woman in the wagon ahead of him was soaked from head to toe. The umbrella in her hands seemed destroyed, as if a huge wind had broken it. Her boots, like her socks, were dark with water. The soaked coat did not protect her in any way, clinging to her lean body. The cap on her head was made of wool and made the water keep flowing down her face even though she was inside the subway.

Her face took his breath away.

Wet brown hair stuck to her cheek, molding her face. The tip of her nose and lips were red with cold. Those big brown eyes looked around for a vacant seat, which was not difficult as the subway was almost empty. It was very heavy rainy night, and few people were willing to venture out on the street at this hour. He, for example, only had the displeasure of losing his bus and had to catch another who only arrived in New York at ten p.m.

The mysterious girl walked to a seat next to him, hugging herself as her teeth quivered. She sat up and took the cap off her head. Then she removed the huge soaked coat and set it on the floor. The air conditioning in the wagon was forgotten on, making her skin shiver.

Mike felt sick, unable to take his eyes off her. She was small. About a foot shorter than him. There was not much in her bones to protect her from the cold. A little more and she'd catch a cold.

Mike suddenly remembered his suitcase on the floor. He had a slew of coats and sweaters (courtesy of his mother) in it, many of which he probably would not wear. He could lend her a ...

He should not, should he?

What if she thought it was strange? What if she never returned his coat? Well, it's not like he needs it back. He had enough coats. But how should he approach it? She would probably find him a freak. She is probably scared. A girl at this time of night, alone in the carriage, is probably wanting distance from any man. She would probably think he wants something more from her. She'll laugh at him. She's going to hate him. Worse, she's going to tell him to have some sense of ridicule and get into his own life...

When the girl's teeth began to pound so hard he could hear and she gave the first sneeze, Mike sighed.

Oh well, what the hell.

Opening his suitcase, Mike noticed when she looked at him with curious eyes. He opened it and searched for the warmest coat he could find. He removed one of his favorites and felt a slight tightness in his heart because he probably would never have it back. Seeing her hug her wet legs, he quickly reacted.

"Hm... hi."

She looked at him and Mike automatically felt conscious of all of his appearance. The freckles. The height. The bad posture.

"I saw you got caught in the rain and I-huh ... well I did not want it to be cold."

He handed her the coat and her eyes grew a little larger. She looked at him a bit confused and answered a slight:

"For me?".

Her voice trailed down Mike's spine, causing him to shiver.

"Yes, yes ... er ... I have my suitcase and it's not like I need more coats. I mean, my mother is a maniac because you know, I do not think she can see that one coat is enough for a body and I do not need fifteen, especially if they are those horrible Christmas sweaters. "

For God's sake, shut up. Stop talking about your mother.

She did not laugh at him as he thought she would. Her pretty hands with nails painted light pink took the coat lightly and she ran her fingers over the soft fabric. She rubbed it lightly on her own face and gave him a light smile that made him hold onto one of the bars of the subway so he would not trip over his own feet.

"It's very kind of you," she replied. She wore Mike's coat and he could not help but smile at how adorable she looked with that coat that was clearly three times her size.

"You're welcome," he replied, his cheeks a little red. A wave of courage took over him and before he could stop himself, he said, "It's wet where you are, and it's where the air conditioning hits. If you want to sit down with me, it's warmer."

When those brown eyes looked at him again, he instantly regretted it.

"I do not want you to think I gave you the coat for you to sit with me, it was just a stupid idea, you sit where you want ... "

She giggled and smirked. He felt less of an idiot.

"Of course," she replied and stood up. She was still wet, but she looked warmer. She walked a few steps and sat in the chair in front of him. "What's your name?".

"My name?" He stammered. Shit, what was his name again? "Mike. Mike Wheeler".

"I'm Jane," she said, giving him her hand. "Jane Hopper."

When they shook hands, Mike felt his body warm.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Jane."

"It's my pleasure," Jane replied with a smile. "So tell me, Mike Wheeler, do you usually loan your coat to all helpless girls or is it just me?".

With a nervous laugh, Mike blushed.

"Well, just with you... Er, I mean, I could not just leave you there freezing to death."

"It was very nice of you. Really. Do you live here?".

"Oh no, actually I live in Boston. I'm here visiting some friends."

Jane's eyes widened and she jumped slightly.

"Do you live in Boston? Me too!".

"Are you kidding me?".

"No, I've been living there for five years."

Mike smiled and ran a hand through his hair. Here was this beautiful girl talking to him, *smiling* at him, and they lived in the same town! What were the odds?

"What are the chances of us meeting here?" He asked. Jane laughed, wrinkling her lovely nose, and Mike's chest tightened.

"I know, it's a last-minute trip for me, actually. My dad's a cop here in town, and he was shot in one of the operations."

"Oh my God, is he okay?!".

"Oh yes, don't worry!" Jane replied, waving one of her hands. "Old Jim Hopper is tough in the fall. There was him, laying in bed after surgery, almost giving me a heart attack and all he wanted was a cigarette. I let him rest there and I was going to his house by the subway when the rain caught me by surprise. "

"It's funny," Mike said. "I should have taken a bus that would leave

me here before sundown, but I lost it. Being here was my mistake."

"What a coincidence," Jane murmured. "It's as if everything had gone wrong for us to find each other."

Mike was almost sure she was flirting with him. Almost. But it's probably something from his head. Not in a million years would the girl with the most beautiful smile he ever seen flirt with him. Finding a way to change the subject before he blushed to the roots of his hair, Mike noticed something on her wrist.

"Cool tatoo" he commented. Just below the fist was the number eleven tattooed simply. Jane looked at her own tattoo and smiled.

"Thank you. I have it for a long time."

"Does it mean something?" He asked. His mother's voice murmured behind his mind: *you're too curious for your own good, Michael.*

"Actually, yes," she replied. "Eleven is my lucky number, mainly because of my father. I was eleven years old when I was adopted by him. It was the eleventh house that housed me for social work. Eleven is how he calls me sometimes. I prefer".

Mike gave her a small smile. Eleven matched her, more than Jane. This was a beautiful name, but very serious and common. Nothing in this girl should be characterized as something that passes through the crowd without attention.

"Eleven is cool, it suits you," he murmured. Before he could stop himself, he said, "Maybe I can call you El, short for Eleven."

"Do you want to give a nickname for my nickname?" she asked with reddened cheeks. Mike was shy and laughed nervously. Jane smiled. "I liked it, Mike. A lot. You can call me that".

Suddenly, a recording and a loud sound warned the next station.

"Oh, it's my station" said Jane, sounding discouraged. Mike felt regret. He would probably never see her again. She was fun and clever and he would like to see her again. Shall he call her out? Lucas's voice echoed in his mind: *good old Mike Wheeler who falls in*

love at first sight with all the pretty girls. Before he could say anything, Jane asked:

"Do you have a pen?".

"Oh yeah!" Mike replied, groping his pockets. He was ashamed to admit that the nerd stereotype was embodied in him by finding the pen in the front pocket of his shirt. "Here".

Suddenly, she did the last thing he hoped for. Picking up the pen, Jane grabbed his right arm and wrote about it. Mike felt his heart beat faster and his face red and hot. When the subway stopped, she got up, picked up her wet things from the floor, and returned the pen to him.

"So I can return your coat," she said, smiling, then winked at him. She waved him a final good-bye and got out.

Mike looked at his forearm and smiled widely. Just above a phone number, *El Hopper* was written with a delicate handwriting.

2. 1987 - at a comic store

Summary for the Chapter:

> at the premiere of the new x-men comic book, Mike learns girls also like superheroes.

Notes for the Chapter:

> Hi guys! First of all, thank you so much for all the comments, you guys are amazing! Many people asked me to continue the story of the first chapter and I would love to do it, but as it was to be a oneshot I need to still assemble the story that would have one more chapter. I can post it here when it is ready, I will make clear in the name of the chapter that is the continuation of the first chapter.
> Good reading!

1987.

Hawkins.

Mike was sure that if Lucas and Dustin continued to argue, his head would explode.

This had been going on for a little over two weeks. Since the announcement of the premiere of the new X-MEN magazine, "Fantastic Four vs. the X-MEN", the group was very excited to buy the comic books. Lucas and Dustin, as always, did not agree on how they should do this, however.

"I'm telling you," Lucas said. "It's better that we wait for the dust to come down and buy it after a few weeks. That place is going to be hell!"

"You are kidding?" Dustin had replied indignantly. "Let's be the last people on the planet to get the comics and that Jeff McQueen asshole will tell me all the spoilers he can get!"

In the end, Dustin won the discussion. It's not like any of the boys would not want to have the briefcase in their hands as soon as it left. The problem is that Lucas was rarely wrong and that was not one of the occasions. All, *all* the towns around Hawkins (which were even smaller, if that were possible) knew that the comic shop would be one of the first to distribute the copy. That meant that absolutely every nerd in the area rushed into town, creating a giant queue at the still closed store entrance.

"I said, I said it!" Lucas repeated several times. "I said it would be unbearable, but did you guys hear me? *No*! You had to get the comic on the first day! "

"Hey, no one's forcing you to be here," growled Dustin pulling off his cap and wiping the sweat from his forehead. It was summer and although it was not yet ten o'clock the sun was strong on the teenagers. "If you're so upset you can go home."

"And having to put up with you knowing the story and I don't? It was enough when you watched "Back to the Future" before and blackmailed me".

"Ah, it was only once! Get over it!".

"Get over it? You made me clean your cat's litter box!"

Mike and Will looked at each other and sighed. Knowing his friends, that discussion would not end so soon.

"Can you see the door?" asked Will.

Mike stretched himself a little and tried to see the store door several feet in front of them. He was the tallest in the group, reaching six-foot-seven with only seventeen. Will was the lowest, six feet tall. They were not the last in line, having been there since seven o'clock in the morning, but there were at least twenty kids in front of them.

"Still closed," he replied with regret. "It looks like the owner is really punctual."

The discussion of his two friends began to get louder, drawing attention to the group. Mike shrugged. He loved his friends and was

really looking forward to buying the comic, but being seventeen and standing in a queue for almost three hours just to buy it was a bit embarrassing. At least he managed to escape from his mother and the t-shirts she tried to make him wear. Being here was embarrassing enough, he did not need a Christmas sweater in midsummer.

"I've already apologized! When are you going to get over this?"

"You never apologized, Dustin! You gave me half of your donut because you could not take it anymore and thought that was enough!"

"Well, you did not look bothered while you ate it."

"Oh for God's sake, I-"

"Hey, assholes, can you shut up?".

It was not Mike who said that, though he was about to. The boys turned to the voice that was a few feet from them, near the beginning of the line and eyes widened. Its author was one of the few girls in the place. Long red hair, freckles all over her face, furious blue eyes and a skateboard in her hands. She was beautiful, but scary.

"Yes, I'm talking to you! No one can take this argument anymore, for God's sake!"

The person next to her, whom Mike assumed was also a girl thanks to the cute curly hair up to her shoulders and the pink skirt up to her thighs, did not turn to them, but she pulled her friend's arm and said,

"Max, please...".

"Please? Three hours listening to these two arguing burned half of my neurons!"

Max turned and started muttering to her friend. Mike turned to Lucas and Dustin who were surprisingly silent, looking stunned at the girl. Mike's eyebrows furrowed. It was hard to leave them speechless.

"Wow ..." Dustin sighed.

"I know ..." Lucas added. "...She is amazing!".

Mike looked at Will with a grimace as he only shrugged. They did not make sense.

Suddenly, the line began to move. Mike sighed relieved and the group began to move toward the store. When they finally entered, they all sighed as they came in contact with the air-conditioner.

"Damn, finally," Dustin cursed. "Now run! We have to get the comic book before it's over!"

Each one went to one side of the great magazine sculpture trying to reach it. It was difficult because a small crowd was already formed around it and, over time, grew larger and larger. Mike was tall, so unlike Will, it was hard to get into the crowd. He stretched and stumbled a few times until he reached a magazine. He grabbed it and pulled, but strangely it did not move.

When he pulled again, this time with more force, a small voice shouted:

"Hey! I already got this!"

He turned to voice, ready to lose his last integrity and fight for the magazine as he set his eyes on her.

Holy shit.

The most beautiful girl he ever saw in life was standing in front of him, two hands holding the other half of the magazine. Her big brown eyes looked directly at him and Mike felt himself blushing. One of her eyebrows was raised and she had a small smile on her pretty lips. Her curly hair, pink skirt and slender posture have made him recognize the girl in line, friend of the girl who railed at Dustin and Lucas.

She stood there, her eyes on his face. Maybe she wanted Mike to say something, but he was incapable of it. It is as if his brain were blank and all the words he had learned throughout his seventeen years of life had evaporated into thin air.

"So... are you going to give me the magazine or not?" she asked with a giggle. Mike got out of his trance.

Oh yeah, the comic book.

"Oh no, I ... er, sorry, but I think I got it first," he replied. Her brows furrowed.

"Um, no, I'm sure I got it first," she replied, pulling the object closer to herself.

"Oh you're wrong," Mike said, not controlling a laugh and pulling the magazine back. God, he was pathetic. This pretty girl was talking to him, from all the people and he was fighting with her for a little comic.

Well done, frog face.

But for some reason unknown to him, she did not seem bothered. She opened a smile that made Mike a little dizzy and laughed.

"Are we really fighting over a little comic book?" she asked. Mike felt like an idiot.

"You're right," he replied, the red robe and hands sweating. He stretched out the magazine for her and said, "Here, stay."

"Oh no," she refused, pushing the object toward him. "You can stay, you've got it first."

"I'm sure it was you," he said, shoving the magazine back. They both looked at each other and burst out laughing.

"Oh my God, we're so silly!" said the mysterious girl with a giggle. "Sorry about that, all that time in the sun made me a little dizzy."

"Do not worry, I understand. It was difficult for me and my friends too!"

"Oh yeah, you're friends with those boys in the queue, right? Those who kept fighting."

Mike blushed, this time out of embarrassment over the scene made by Lucas and Dustin.

"Hm ... yes ... sorry about that, those two do not control themselves sometimes," he murmured.

"Actually I wanted to apologize to you," said the girl with a smile. Her cheeks flushed a little and she looked more adorable than ever. "Max is a little hothead. She should not have yelled at them like that."

"Do not worry," reassured Mike. "She did what we all wanted to do."

She smiled up at him once more and Mike felt a timid smile emerge from his lips. He did not know what in this girl made him feel this way, whether it was her amused conversation or her beautiful eyes, but he liked her.

A lot.

"I'm Mike," he said, understanding the hand. "Mike Wheeler."

"Nice to meet you," she said, squeezing his hand. "My name is-".

"Jane!"

The two of them turned, their hands still tight and watched as Max walked up to them, her red hair even more messy.

"I finally found you! Here, I got you one! I had to get some asshole out of the way because people here are so-" she paused for a second, her eyes on Mike. "Who is he?".

They both looked at each other and blushed as they realized they were still holding hands.

"This is Mike," Jane said, smiling at him. "My new friend".

"Okay ..." muttered Max looking a bit confused. "Well, hi. We need to go, Jane. Billy arrived and you know he's a pain in the ass".

Mike felt a pang of sorrow consuming him, but his heart pounded

when he saw that Jane also looked disheartened. She turned to him, handing him the magazine.

"I have to go," she murmured, biting her own lip. She looked thoughtful and her eyes suddenly brightened. "Are you and your friends going to the watch "Predator" premiere next week?"

"We would not miss it for anything," said Mike.

Jane grinned.

"I guess I'll see you there then," she said and was dragged by Max out of the store.

Mike stood there, the magazine in hand and a smile on his lips.

He could not wait.

Notes for the Chapter:

> My thanks to Nicole for having the idea of this chapter! Hope you've enjoyed <3 until the next chapter!

3. 1995 - chapter 1 sequel

Notes for the Chapter:

> Soooo, I finally got an idea to continue the story! I don't think this au is having more chapters, but who knows! Hope you enjoy

1995.

New York.

Mike was not sure how he and El arrived in that situation;

After meeting her on the subway, Mike arrived at Lucas's house wet from head to toe and out of breath. The way from Lucas's house to the subway was not long but to come running (better remember that in 25 years of life he never managed to run more than a mile in front of him), trying not to wet the arm that contained the phone of the most incredible girl which he had already met and hold his suitcase at the same time, made Lucas find his childhood friend panting in the doorway.

"Mike, are you okay?" he asked worriedly. It was already dawn and the streets were not very safe. "What happened to you? Someone assaulted you?"

"I need to use the phone," Mike said entering the apartment. He left his bag in the living room and found Dustin and Will sitting on the couch, looking confused at him.

"Hey man," Dustin said. "Is everything okay? You're soaking wet"

"Where's the phone?" Mike asked instead of answering. He removed his wet coat, hung it on a chair and looked down at his own arm. He sighed with relief that the number was intact.

"Near the kitchen," said Lucas. "Are you sure it's okay?"

"Yes, yes, yes, do not worry," he murmured, finally reaching the phone. Taking it off the hook, though. he stop. Was it too early to call? Maybe. He saw her, like, an hour ago. And she wanted him to call her, right? She would not have given her phone number if she did not want to. She said she wanted to return his coat...

A discouraged feeling enveloped him. That was probably why she'd given him the number. To return his coat. It's not like this beautiful, spirited girl wants the two of them to go on a date.

"Mike?" said Will. Mike looked at him and then at his friends. He sighed slightly, thinking it best that they help him.

"I met this girl..."

"Oh no!".

It was Dustin who suddenly exclaimed. He got up and began to cycle.

"Here you go with these girls! I thought you were past that stage."

"I did not even say anything!"

"You don't have to" Lucas said. "We know your past with women, Mike, you are an idiot when it's about them"

"That's bullshit," Mike argued. He was not that bad... was he? "And you have not even heard the story yet."

"Let me guess, you met this girl out of nowhere," Dustin began.

"Well, yes ..." murmured Mike.

"And she's very beautiful," Lucas continued.

"More than any other, but-".

"And she made you all red and nervous, speechless," Will said.

"A little, but you're not understanding-"

"And you asked for her phone number and now you're all excited to call her," Dustin said.

"Technically I did not ask for her phone, she gave it to me so she could return my coat..."

"Mike," sighed Lucas, putting his hands on his shoulders. "You're a fool when it comes to women, remember Alyssa and Erica?"

"And Janette," Dustin continued. "And Rebekah."

"All the loves of your life," Will said. "That in the end were the same girl in different bodies and they all made you doormat."

"But she's different," Mike cried, throwing himself on the couch. When he saw the look that his friends exchanged, he continued, "Seriously! Her name is Jane, and she's not like the other girls I met, she's fucking beautiful, okay, but she's fun and smart, and we talked a lot until she had to leave. And I did not even have to ask for her phone, she gave to me without me saying anything! "

"Mike ..." murmured Will.

"I give up" Dustin said, sitting on the couch. "He's a hopeless case."

"Mike, we're not your babysitters," said Lucas. "You do whatever you think is best to do. In the end, it's you who meet her, not us. If you think she's the girl of your dreams, fine, but keep in mind we've been through it several times."

Later, when all his friends were already asleep, Mike stayed awake.

Maybe his friends were right. He sucked when it came to love. Maybe in the end he's falling for a girl he thinks is different, but she's just like every other girlfriend he's ever had.

But there was something about her that kept him from thinking that way. Okay, he was in her presence for half an hour at the most, but he knew she was different. Maybe it was her warm eyes or her sweet smile. Maybe it was her cleverness and humor. Or maybe it was a set of all these things that made her look so formidable, but he knew she was someone he should not give up before trying.

She picked up the phone on the third ring.

"Hello?" she answered, her voice a little husky with sleep. Mike glanced at the kitchen clock.

2:30 a.m.

Shit.

"Oh, I'm sorry, I did not know what time it was ..."

"Mike?" she asked, her voice cheering. "Hi!".

"Hi," he sighed. She seemed happy to hear him. "Sorry to call so late, I'm stupid and I did not check the time before I called."

"It's all right," El replied with a giggle. "I'm glad you called."

A smile spread across his face. *She was glad he was calling!*

"That's good," Mike said. And now, what would he say? Fuck, he did not have a plan. He just crawled to the phone and called her on impulse. Idiot, idiot, say something! "Well, I ... I was thinking that maybe you want to have breakfast with me or something ... I mean, if you want ... there's this downtown bakery that's very good and they have the best eggos" .

"Oh my God," she exclaimed, interrupting him. "I love Eggos!".

"Me too! That's the best part of breakfast."

"That's what I've been saying for years! You never tire of being the perfect guy, Mike Wheeler?"

This caught him by surprise and he almost dropped the phone. Was he going crazy or was she really flirting with him?

"I'd love to eat breakfast with you," she said, realizing that Mike was speechless. "I'll meet you at ten, will you?"

Needless to say, he was standing up and wide awake at eight.

She made his heart beat harder.

El (or should he call her Jane?) came toward him with a smile. Her curly hair loosened, flying in the strong New York wind and her cheeks red from the cold. The pink scarf she wore made her look even more adorable.

They greeted and entered. Mike's hands were sweating and he tried to dry them in his pants.

Calm down, everything's fine. She's here, you're here, she's smiling ... fuck, why did she have to be so beautiful?

They sat down and begged. El was not kidding when she said he was an Eggos lover. She ordered the biggest dish he'd ever seen and covered it with syrup until the pot was almost empty.

"You were not joking," he commented. Her cheeks flushed and she looked a little embarrassed. "Hey, it's cool. It's good to know that someone else is also passionate about breakfast like me."

"Those who love eggos together, stay together," she teased with a wink. Mike's freckles faded into red skin.

"So, how's your father?" he asked as they were almost finished.

"Well," she laughed. "I'm going to visit him afterwards. You know, make sure he's not smoking in the bathroom or something."

"Does he have a problem with the cigarette then?".

"You have no ideia" she shook her head. A few strands of hair fell on her face and Mike's hand scratched to touch them. "When he adopted me, he tried his best to only smoke at work or when I was already asleep, but as the years went by it became harder for him to hide the bad habit from me. I think he was afraid to influence me and that I I started to smoke, too. Lucky for him, I find the cigarette smell a horrible thing. "

"I agree," Mike replied. "When we were sixteen, Dustin got a cigarette pack from a boy at school and thought it would be cool to try smoking. It was the worst experience of my life and I had to burn the sweater I was wearing because I could not smell it without feeling sick."

"Is Dustin your friend?" she asked.

"Yeah, one of my best friends. We're five, actually. Will, Dustin, Lucas, Max and I. Lucas and Max are getting married the day after tomorrow, actually. They are the reason I'm in New York".

"Oh, the day after tomorrow? What a pity, I wanted to invite you to go to a play with me! My father is leaving the hospital in two days and when he is well at home I'm going back to Boston."

She wanted them to go to the theater.

Together.

Alone in the theater.

Like a date.

She invited him on a date.

Jesus Christ.

When had the bakery got so hot?

Was he sweating?

Yes.

"Well ..." he began. It was a stupid idea. A very stupid idea. The stupidest idea he ever had. "I know it might be a bit over the top, but you are going to leave in a few days... I have an extra invitation to the wedding. Lucas said I could invite a friend and I have no one to call. I mean, not that I'm calling you just because I do not have anyone to call. I'm calling because I wanted to see you again, but there's the wedding, so I thought it would be a good idea... "

She held his hand under the table and he shut his mouth.

"I'd love to go to the wedding, Mike," she smiled.

How they started in the wedding and end in to El's apartment is

something Mike will never know.

Everything was fine at the wedding. Lucas and Max loved each other, her brother did not mess up, Dustin was doing an embarrassing choreography on the dance floor. El was there.

El was there and she looked pretty as fuck.

His friends liked her more than any girl he had ever introduced. Even Max, who took time to like other people.

"She's bitchin!" his friend replied to him under the loud music. "Please date her so I can see her more times!"

It's not like she has to ask.

El fit the group very easily. She liked Star Wars and X-MEN, talked to Will about conspiracy theories, showed Lucas a few Muay Thai shots she had learned years ago in an experimental class and knew enough of black holes and time travel to let Dustin impressed.

She was incredible.

She was beautiful.

She was funny and intelligent.

She was damn nerdy like them.

God, he was falling for her.

And that made him very nervous.

Mike drank a little. Or a lot. In fact, he was very weak for alcohol, so he must have had drank a little, but it was enough to make him drunk.

He does not remember much after the glass of champagne. El called him to dance and he nodded. She smiled at him, her big brown eyes glittering, her slim, warm body close to his. Her hands on his shoulders, his hands on her waist. Their bodies coming closer, their faces coming closer, her warm breath in his ear...

"Can you walk me home? It's a way I'd rather not do alone."

She lied. Her father's apartment was in front of the church.

Which led them to where they were now.

Kissing.

Mike does not know who started the kiss, but honestly he did not give a damn.

Her mouth was on his and her legs curled around his waist. The door was unlocked in a magic pass and they fell into the apartment, a tangle of limbs. Mike's hands came down her back, but it stopped there.

Jane laughed through the kiss.

"I love that you're a gentleman," she commented and took his hands down to her butt. They both sighed.

"Where's your room?" he asked.

"Second door right in the hallway," she sighed and kissed him again. Mike felt his whole body grow hot.

She was beautiful.

"You're beautiful," he said. She smiled up at him.

"You're one guy in a million, Mike Wheeler," she replied.

They fell on the bed and their clothes went out. Mike found himself in a state of stupor. The sounds she made, her moans, her sighs. Her body warm against his, her nails on his back, her legs on his hips, the lips on her neck.

He was glad he missed that bus a few days ago. He was happier though it rained like it was the end of the world that day. And he was happy as fuck that his mother was a maniacal of the coats that forced him to take five of them at once.

He told her this when they stood there, lying naked, exchanging caresses. She smiled up at him.

"It's not right to say that I'm glad my father was shot, but I'm glad something brought me here, to get to know you."

They had to give many explanations to a recently shot Jim Hopper who showed up at the apartment the next day.

Notes for the Chapter:

> I'm a little nervous to post this because you were all so cool and loving that I do not want to break your expectations. I really hope you liked it! See you next time!

4. 1998 - at a hospital

Summary for the Chapter:

> after breaking his arm, Mike is taken to the hospital and, thanks to anesthesia, declaring his love to a doctor

Notes for the Chapter:

> thank you for all the comments everybody!!! You make me so happy i can't even tell <3

1998.

Califórnia .

Before he opened his eyes, Mike realized he was confused.

There were voices around him, muffled as if he were underwater. His head ached in the area of his forehead and his right arm pricked. Where he was? He could not remember.

He tried to open his eyes and moaned. There was a light above him, bright, blinding him and making his headache worse. He tried to look around, eyes narrowed and vision blurred. He could not see straight, but there was a lot of light and the place was certainly very white.

Oh my God, did he die?

"Oh shit," he cursed and then moaned, sinking further into the pillow. *Nancy's gonna kill me if I'm dead.*

He tried to look around again. There were people in the room with him, around his bed, two to be more exact. His hearing started to improve before his vision.

"He's going to feel a bit sick for a few days, but he'll be fine," said the most angelic voice he'd ever heard. "I gave him an anesthesia to deal

with the pain so it's very likely he'll wake up confused and short of memory."

He tried to focus on the owner of the voice. A beautiful silhouette grew brighter as his vision improved. When he could see again, he choked on his saliva.

Oh... *wow*.

A beautiful woman stood in front of him, her curly hair caught in a ponytail and a clipboard in her hands. She had the most beautiful eyes he's ever seen, big and brown, the kind that makes you hot just for looking at them. She had the sweetest smile too.

Was she an angel? Well, probably yes, since he was dead.

Assuming, of course, that he went to heaven after his death. He went to heaven, right? He was always a good kid. He studied, cleaned his room, paid his taxes, never took a fine in his 28 years of life. Well, it had been that time that Lucas had convinced him to drink some of his father's whiskey when they were seventeen, but that would not get him to hell. Besides, this girl is too pretty to be the work of the devil.

She looked at him suddenly and smiled. His heart skipped a beat.

Was he having a heart attack?

"Oh, Mr. Wheeler, I'm glad you woke up!" she said, making his heart rate increase.

Yep. A heart attack was coming.

Mike did not say anything for a while. For some reason the young man could not find the words to do it. It was as if his brain was blank and he was doomed to stand there, silent, looking at her like an idiot.

"You're beautiful," he sighed. Her brows furrowed.

"Sorry, I did not hear you," she replied.

"Are you an angel?" he asked a little louder. Her eyes widened.

"An angel? Are you feeling all right, Mr. Wheeler?" she asked.

"If you are not an angel, how are you in heaven with me?" asked Mike, getting even more confused.

"Wow, Mike, are you okay?" asked a voice to his left. He turned his face and glanced at Dustin.

"Dustin!" he exclaimed loudly. A amused expression appeared on his friend's face. "You died, too?"

"What are you talking about?".

"Yeah, I'm dead, so you must be too."

"Mike, you're not dead," Dustin answered with a laugh.

"No?" Mike asked shocked. He pointed to the girl with his thumb and said, "Then why is there an angel here?"

Dustin burst out laughing and Mike did not understand why. What was so funny? Was there something on his face?

"An angel? Wow, Mike, you woke up with everything!" exclaimed his friend, and then looked at the angel. "What's wrong with him?".

"It's the anesthesia," she replied, her cheeks flushed. Was she well? Maybe it was a little hot for her. "It gets people out of orbit, and a lot of them end up getting very confused when they wake up, he must have forgotten what happened."

"Mike, you're in a hospital," Dustin explained. "Do you remember how you came to stay here?"

Mike frowned and tried to think about it. Did not do very well. The words were confused in his mind and he could only focus on the angel's delicate hands near his bed.

"No," he sighed.

"We came to visit Max's parents," Dustin explained. "You remember her? The redheaded girl who challenged you to skateboarding even

though you did not play a sport since we graduated from high school, like, ten years ago".

"I know Max," Mike replied. A redheaded girl came up in her mind, followed by a voice: *you can build a fucking robot that tracks electromagnetic waves from submarines for miles away and can not get on a skateboard? Stop being a coward.*

"You fell," Dustin finished. "It was very scary indeed, your head hit the ground hard and I could hear from across the street, you broke your arm too."

Mike glanced at his right arm and froze.

"Oh my God, where's my arm?!"

Dustin laughed again and the angel laid a delicate hand on his shoulder.

"It's under the plaster, Mr. Wheeler, I promise, and I'm not, well ..." Her cheeks brightened even more. "... an angel, I am your doctor, you can call me Jane."

Mike wrinkled his nose uncomfortably. She realized.

"What?" she asked.

"You do not go with Jane," he replied. It was a common, sophisticated name, but very serious for someone with such a sweet smile.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, then looked at Dustin, laughing. "And with what name do I combine?"

"El," he replied easily.

"El? All right, El is a pretty name. You can call me that if you want, Mr. Wheeler."

"Mike," he said, and seeing her confused expression, added, "Call me Mike."

"Well, Mike, as your friend already told you, you suffered a serious accident. Your head hit the ground very hard, but we did tests and the most you'll have is a swelling and a bruise," she began.

"My mother always said I'm a hardheaded one," Mike suddenly said. For some reason he could not stop himself from saying everything that went through his mind. "She was right. Dustin, call my mother and tells her that she's right about my head."

"All right, I'll call you," Dustin laughed, his tone clearly demonstrating that he was not going to call anyone.

"Your mother will be very happy to know that you are well. sr-*Er*, Mike," returned Jane. I mean, El. Wait, what was her name? Mike did not know for sure, her fluffy nose was distracting him. "Your arm broke in three pieces-"

"My God, am I going to have to buy a new arm?".

"But I took care of you and everything is back in place," she finished, holding back a laugh.

"You took care of me?" asked Mike, stunned. She was too good to be true.

"She's your doctor, of course she took care of you," Dustin said, shaking his head. Mike ignored him and took her hand with his left arm, giving her a squeeze.

She had very soft skin.

"You did not have to do that," he commented. El laughed at him and shook her head.

"Yes, I did," he replied. "You're probably confused by the anesthesia I gave you, but the effect is temporary. It should pass in a few hours and you'll have your memory restored. Are you feeling nauseous or dizzy? You want some water?".

He did not answer because he was not listening to her. He was very distracted by her voice, mouth, the small bundle of hair that escaped her ponytail.

"I'm in love with you," he replied. El's cheeks flushed, and Dustin laughed so hard that tears flowed from his eyes.

"Holy shit, this can not be real, I need to get Lucas, he needs to see this, do not say anything else while I'm gone!" his friend said and left the room quickly.

Mike took El's hand again.

"Sorry for him, he can be embarrassing sometimes," he said. For some reason, she found it very funny. "We could get married."

She blushed, but could not answer. Dustin's voice came up the corridor, loud and hurried.

"Seriously, he's high as fuck. He's still declaring his love for the doctor, and you need to see that."

Dustin came in first and was followed by three people Mike knew very well.

"MY FRIENDS!" he screamed and tried to sit up quickly in bed. That was a bad idea. Everything was muddled again and his head hurt again.

"Take it easy," El said gently. She put her hand on his back and helped him adjust. *He loves her.*

"These are my friends," he said, smiling happily. "El, these are Will, Lucas, and Max. Do not go up on her skateboard, you're going to get hurt.This is Jane, but you can call her El because it fits her more. I'm going to marry her one day".

"My God," murmured Max, laughing nervously. "I did not think you were that bad."

"What are you talking about? I feel great!" he replied, his voice getting louder and louder.

"Mike, you're stoned," Lucas said with a raised eyebrow.

"Only if it's stoned of love!" Mike shouted. Dustin sat on the floor,

laughing so hard his stomach ached. El blushed a little more, but there was a fun smile on her lips.

"*Shh*! Do not shout!" murmured Will.

"Do not come with *shh*! You *shh*!" replied Mike. Why did Will want to stop him from showing his love for El?

"Do not shout, please," she said.

"Okay," Mike agreed. "But why? Who's sleeping?"

"Well, a lot of people, actually. We're close to where babies are."

"DO YOU HAVE BABIES HERE? Can I pet them?"

His friends started laughing and El giggled.

"You can look at them later, but only if you remain silent."

"I love babies," Mike murmured. "Do you want to have kids someday? I would, but only if you want to."

"I wish I had brought my camera," Will mumbled, wiping a few tears from his eyes. Why was he crying?

"It would be nice to have children," El chuckled. "But we should think better about it. We just meet".

"But I feel like I've known you my entire life," Mike cried. "Are you going to marry me at least? I can cook and I'm not like Dustin, I always wash my dirty clothes."

She laughed and smiled at him. Dustin frowned, offended.

"Well, who am I to deny a man who cooks and washes clothes? If I accept, will you stop yelling and drinking some water?"

He shook his head so quickly that the headache returned.

"Alright then, but you have to keep your promise," she laughed.

"I always keep my promises," he said, then turned to his friends,

smiling. "I'm going to marry the most beautiful woman I've ever seen!"

"My God," Max murmured.

"That's great, man," Will laughed. "Congratulations!".

"Thank you," he said, looking proud. "And she's not only pretty, she's super smart, she's a doctor, she manages to repair arms!"

"She seems to be incredible," Lucas commented, nudging Max into what seemed like she was about to say something. "I'm sure it's going to be an amazing wedding."

"Yes!" exclaimed Mike excitedly. "We can get married here in California, a wedding on the beach. You can all be the groomsmen, right? And Max can be one of the bridesmaids if you do not mind El. You can wear a beautiful dress! My sister Nancy is very good at these things, she can help you, even though you do not need help getting beautiful. "

A glass of water appeared in front of him, interrupting his reverie. He picked it up and began to drink, watching the conversation around him.

"When can we take him home?" asked Lucas.

"He's already released, in fact," El replied. "I was waiting for him to wake up to see if he still had to stay here, but he's good and communicative, just a little lost. Sometime it's better for him to go home, because a familiar place is better to his memory".

"Are we going to my house?" exclaimed Mike suddenly. "Dustin, you have to go ahead and clean up my apartment. El will not want to marry me if she sees my mess."

"Mike, El is not coming-" Max began to say, but was interrupted by the doctor.

"I'm sure our wedding will take a bit of a mess," she said humorously. "Now, I'm going to get a nurse to help you get up, okay?"

Mike was taken to the car in a wheelchair that was, because he insisted, pushed by El. When they got in the car and he discovered that El could not go with them, he got more agitated.

"They want to separate us!" shouted in the hospital parking lot. With his feet, he began to push the floor, making the wheelchair slide away from the group. "Quickly, let's run away before they reach us!"

"Mike, for God's sake ..." murmured Lucas, trying to grab the chair.

"Do not touch me! I'll call 911! THEY WANT TO KIDNAPPED ME!".

"Mike, I can not go because I have other patients to attend. Get in the car, please!" asked El. Mike climbed into the passenger seat (with much help from a grumpy Lucas) and looked at her with doggy eyes.

"But I want to be with you," he cried.

"I know, but we're going to see each other again," El told him. Mike brightened up and the rest of the group got into the car.

"Yes! Tonight? Tomorrow?"

"In two months."

"TWO MONTHS?" exclaimed Mike. He tried to take off his seat belt and open the car door. His friends held him. "Why so long?".

"It's the time it will take for your arm to heal," El explained. She seemed a bit sad about his departure as well. "You're going to need to go back to get the plaster and then we'll meet."

"But that's a very long time," Mike cried like a little boy.

"Mike, let's get on with it," murmured Lucas in the driver's seat.

"I'm talking to my fiancé, Lucas. Show some respect," Mike said irritably.

"I'll miss you too," El chuckled. "But I promise time will go by so fast. Try not to get hurt again, okay?"

"Okay," he replied. Lucas started, and the car drove away. "Thank you for healing my arm! I love you!"

He watched El grow smaller and smaller, and he gave a sigh of sadness. He was going to miss her a lot.

"Hey, I think you owe me a thank you," Max sneered. "If it were not for me you would never have known *the love of your life.* Remember this when the anesthetic effect ends."

It lightened his mind with an idea.

"Max, hurry up, give me your skateboard. I need to break my other arm."

Notes for the Chapter:

hope you enjoy! thanks again for all the comments!
See you in the next chapter <3

5. 1998 - chapter 4 sequel

Summary for the Chapter:

Mike needs to go back to the hospital, but he's too embarrassed to look the beautiful doctor in the eye

Notes for the Chapter:

oh my god
OH
MY GOD
GUYS
THANK YOU SO MUCH!!!!! YOU ARE JUST THE BEST!
I'm so happy with all your coments... it make my heart warmer

1998

Califórnia .

"I'm not going and you can not make me."

Mike knew he was being ridiculous. I mean, he was the leader of the group. The head. The responsable. He saw bad behavior when he saw one.

He just was not used to these things coming from him.

"Mike, for God's sake, we've been through this, get in the fucking car!"

"It's been almost three months, Mike, you can not uncheck another query!"

Mike rubbed his left hand in his own face and looked at his other cast arm. He knew his friends were right. It was past enough time for the bone to stabilize and it was, in addition to complicating his life,

starting to scratch a lot. But he could not find the courage in himself to get out of the doorway and into the car.

Not after the shame that he had passed.

When Mike woke up lying on his couch, wearing only Star Wars underwear and his friends laughing around him, he realized something was not right. When they started explaining how he ended up in this situation, the boy wondered if he could die if he jumped out of the window of his apartment.

Apparently the drugs they gave him drove him away. Drugged. Stupid. He humiliated himself in front of his doctor, saying a bunch of crap, calling her an angel, declaring his love.

Asking. Her. In. Marriage.

Wondering if she wanted to have kids!

Mike could never get it out of his head. It was impossible. Probably one of Dustin's countless little pranks. He could not remember any of this, his mind had no memory of the time span between climbing on Max's skateboard and appearing half naked on his own couch. They were lying. They had to be lying.

But Will confirmed the story. And Will was a nice, honest guy who would not lie to him just to laugh at him.

Mike spent the next months nuzzling that inside himself. Damn, it was just so embarrassing. He never acted that way! From his teenage years Mike was a nerd, too shy to exchange three words with the opposite sex, too weird to draw the attention of women. And he asked his doctor to marry him? He said he loved her? Did he want her to come to his apartment? He could not even remember her face!

And it's not as if his friends had helped him forget what happened. If they were to go out together, Lucas would nudge him with his elbow and say, "Why do not you call your wife?". When Mike went to visit his mother in Hawkins, Dustin called to remind him to "tell his mother about the grandchildren she was going to have." Even Max would laugh at his face every time he took her skateboard,

remembering how Dustin and Lucas had to grab him while Max ran away with the skateboard he wanted to use to break his own arm.

No, not even fucking, he was not going to take the plaster. He was not going to die for having his arm cast for the rest of his life.

Right?

"But it's so embarrassing," he cried. Lucas rolled his eyes and Will gave him a friendly smile.

"We know" Will said. "But you can not keep this plaster forever. You need to get it over with."

"But ... But ... how am I going to look at her face?" asked Mike. "She's probably going to accuse me of sexual harassment. And she is right!"

"Mike, she's a doctor," Max argued. "She must have dealt with hundreds of drug addicts several times. You're not the first and it will not be the last."

"Besides, she was taking it all in," Will said. "She laughed and went into yours, saying she agreed to marry you, to calm you down. She was super professional."

Mike sighed, tired. His arm itched to the point of driving him crazy and there was so much embarrassment within him that he wanted to cry. But he was a rational guy.

"Okay, fine," he sighed. "But you're not joining me."

"Finally!" shouted Luke to the heavens.

"And I do not even understand why you're all coming," Mike muttered into the car. "I just needed a ride."

"And miss the chance to see you humiliate yourself a little more?" asked Dustin. "No way".

The way to the hospital was faster than Mike would have liked. When he found himself, he was already sitting at the hospital trying to convince himself not to run.

How can he act that way? Not in a million years did he think he would find himself in that situation; And he could not even remember the name or face of the doctor. She should not even be as pretty as Dustin said, he was probably playing with Mike's face again ...

"Mr. Wheeler?" asked a soft voice, making Mike look up.

Oh.

Brown eyes, fluffy nose, breathtaking smile.

Now he understood.

"It's good to see you again," said the most beautiful woman he'd ever laid eyes on. "How are you feeling?".

"I ... Er, I ..." he stammered like an idiot. How could anyone have such beautiful eyes? Lucas nudged him in the ribs. "I'm fine. I'm fine ..."

"How nice!" answered the doctor with a smile. "Come with me, please, let's finally get this off your arm."

Mike got up, but his damn fucking legs were too long for his state of nervousness and he tripped hard. He did not fall, but his body jerked and he took a few steps forward with his arms dangling.

God why?

His face burned with shame as his friends' laughter exploded and the doctor covered her lips with delicate fingers, trying to hide a smile. She relieved him of his personal hell when she turned and started to walk, causing him to follow her and leave the laughter behind.

As he stepped into a white room and sat on a stretcher, the walls and lights made memory fleches come back to his mind.

"Are you an angel?"

"Well ..." the doctor began, fooling some sheets into a drawing board. "You seem to have been delaying the visit."

"Yeah, well, I ..." he stammered, unable to meet her eyes. "I just missed the last few schedules. I've been ... Er, busy."

Nancy's voice echoed through her mind: *Mike, you can't lie,*.

"Oh, really?" she asked, sounding amused. "Because I could swear you're trying to avoid me."

Mike's face flushed with such intensity that he believed all his blood had stopped there. He buried his face in his hands, ashamed. He felt like an eleven-year-old boy who was caught doing something inappropriate, not like the grown man of twenty-eight he was.

"Maybe," he murmured, his face hidden. "I woke up on my fucking couch, wearing my star wars underwear, with all those bastards laughing out of my face, they told me what happened and I was just too embarrassed to come and see you. You probably think I'm an idiot-".

He stopped his gossiping just as she rested her hands on his shoulders. He was still too embarrassed to look at her, but he let her words comfort him.

"Mike, I'm a doctor. I'm used to such situations. You were one of the kindest patients I've ever had."

"You're saying that to make me feel better," he murmured.

"I'm not!" she exclaimed, laughing. "I swear. A girl came in for surgery once and when she woke up, she kept repeating "who the fuck are you?" over and over again to her mother. It was pretty embarrassing, especially when she managed to get out of bed and screamed out runners that her mother was kidnapping her. "

"Oh my God," Mike laughed loudly. He felt a little better and watched as the doctor took a machine and adjusted it on his plaster. As she closed it, she continued to tell him the story.

"I had this teenager once, too. He was extremely happy that I had not killed him during the surgery on his leg and kept repeating this at least a hundred times. He stole the flowers from one of the neighboring patients and gave it to me as thanks. "

Mike laughed a little longer and continued to listen.

"So ... star wars underwear," she commented. Mike blushed, wanting to punch himself in the face.

"Damn, I only make my own situation worse," he murmured. "After I left, I got worst. I tried to break my other arm and I was held by two friends of mine. Some people on the street saw this and called the police and my friends spent a good forty minutes explaining to the policemen that I was drugged anesthesia and that they were not kidnapping me away from my wife. "

"Oh my God!" exclaimed the doctor with a loud laugh. Mike felt better. He liked to make her laugh.

"And this is not even the worst part. When we got home I started packing everything like a crazy man because I did not want you to see my mess. Then I found my old collection of star wars clothes, I wore it, said I was Luke Skywalker and I decided to do a marathon for the movies. I fainted right away."

The doctor laughed and had to stop what she was doing for a second to recover. She looked up at him, her eyes shining a little and murmured, "God, this is the best story."

Mike looked at her and gave her a shy smile. She was much prettier - if that were possible - up close. There were light freckles on her nose, which was extremely lovely. Not like him, who had them in such numbers that they took all his face. She had long lashes and a good voice to hear. They remained silent, the doctor opening his plaster while he watched her until he realized something.

"You called me Mike," he said.

"Sorry what?".

"You called me Mike," he repeated.

"Oh," she said, her cheeks a little redder. "Sorry, you told me that I could call you that when you were anesthetized, I thought you would not mind ..."

"I do not care," he replied. Where was all that courage coming from? Maybe he'd been so embarrassed in front of this woman that there was no way he could get any worse. In any other situation he would be unable to exchange two words with her. "I ... Well, sorry, I kind of forgot your name ...".

"It's Jane," she said, and as she watched his nose wrinkle, she giggled. "What?".

"You do not go with Jane," he replied. She, for some reason, found it very funny.

"Let me guess, I combine with El."

"Yes!" he exclaimed. "How did you know?".

"We already had this conversation," she explained. "Three months ago, just before you said you were in love with me."

"Oh Jesus," he moaned, throwing his head back and closing his eyes. He heard her laugh and wanted to run away. "I'm so sorry about that. My friends did not tell me much because it was so embarrassing that I could not hear."

"It's all right," she replied. The plaster of his arm came out and, with a sigh of relief, Mike watched as she stretched out his arm. "It was very flattering indeed. No one had ever called me an angel or asked me to marry before."

"It gets worse and worse," Mike murmured. "I'm glad I did not upset you. I was very embarrassed, I did not know how I was going to talk to you after that. I do not want you to think that I am that way. I was very stoned and confused, I had never said things like this before. .. ".

"You mean you do not ask all the girls you just met in marriage?" laughed Jane.

"N-No," he stammered, scratching his neck. "I certainly do not do that, I do not know what got into me. Please just ignore everything I said that day."

"Wait," she said, suddenly looking very annoyed. "Are not we going to

get married? I thought you would introduce me to your sister so she could help me buy the dress."

He froze for a second, but sighed when she started to laugh.

"God, just kill me," he said with a laugh. "Take one of those stilettos and kill me now."

She laughed so hard that tears started to come out of her eyes and Mike was a little astonished at how beautiful Jane was. Now it made a lot more sense to why he got so stupid around her when he was doped.

"Well, your arm is fine," Jane said a few seconds later. "It healed very well, I hope you'll be more careful with skates going forward."

"You can leave it with me," Mike muttered, standing up. Now that he was less embarrassed, he might notice that he was much taller than she was. "Thank you. Really, for accepting my shit."

"It's okay," Jane said. "Like I said, you were the most loving patient I've ever had. Very gallant."

Mike gave a nervous laugh and looked down at his feet. Well, that was it. He came, apologized, removed the plaster, and now it was time to go.

The two of them, on the other hand, stood there, looking at each other and looking away immediately.

Say something, you idiot!

"Look, I ..." he began, looking down at his own feet and unable to meet her eyes. "If it's all right for you and if you're free later, we could ... I do not know, I could pay you an apology dinner, but only if you want of course ..."

"I'd love to," she said with a shy smile. Mike's heart leapt.

What?!

"Oh really?" he asked, regretting soon after. "Sorry, it's just that you're

so beautiful ... oh damn, I'm just going to be quiet."

She giggled and jotted something down on her clipboard. She then removed a post-it and pasted it on his blouse.

"My phone," she explained. "My shift ends at two o'clock today, but I'm free tomorrow";

"Great!" he exclaimed, stumbling on his own feet. They walked together to the door, Mike stumbling on his own feet. "I'll call you then ... Tomorrow ... to mark something ...".

She laughed again and nodded. Mike blushed and decided he had humiliated himself enough for one day.

"Well, I'll see you then," he said and turned around; When he was almost closing the door, she called him.

"Oh, and Mike?"

"Yes?"

"If that makes you feel better, I also have an old collection of star wars clothes."

Okay, it was not the drugs.

He really was in love with her.

Notes for the Chapter:

> Sooo, i hope you enjoyed! I had so much fun with this story! Hope you did too <3 see you in the next chapter!

6. 1991 - at a party

Summary for the Chapter:

Jane is just so fucking tired of her neighbor's noises

Notes for the Chapter:

thank you everybody for all the coments! Remember that I'm always here for your guys ideas!

1991

New York

Jane has always prided herself on being a calm, patient person.

When Max, trying to make an unsuccessful maneuver on her skateboard, fell on top of Jane's geography model destroying a two-month job, the girl did not freak out. When her foster father, Hopper, was late for the sixth time to pick her up at school leaving her in the rain for at least forty minutes, she did not cry or shout. When she heard a group of girls speaking ill of her in the sixth grade bathroom, Jane did not interrupt them. He waited for the gossip to come to an end and left the cabin with her head held high and a golden aura of calm around her.

But her neighbors destroyed every self-control she had.

When Jane moved into an apartment near the campus of her college, she thought she would have quiet. Max was a good roommate, left her mess inside her own room and listened to music using her headphones, leaving the girls' apartment great for Jane to study. She was happy with the choice. It was a beautiful building, in a nice, quiet neighborhood, perfect for a student engaged in her grades.

Until they arrived and the quiet was over.

Her new neighbors lived in the same corridor as she and Max. On that floor there were only three apartments, one of which was occupied by the tenant for only a few months of the year. This meant

that only Jane, Max, and the four boys from the apartment ahead lived. And God, they fussed over her nerves.

First of all they would yell at each other constantly. It was not always fights, actually. The walls were thin and although the apartment was of a medium size, they made a point of shouting at each other at every opportunity they had, making their voices echo through the floor.

"DUSTIN, HAVE YOU SEEN MY BOOKS?"

"LUCAS, STOP PUTTING YOUR CLOTHES EVERYWHERE!"

"WILL, IT'S YOUR TURN TO WASH THE DISH!"

"MIKE, YOUR SISTER IS ON THE PHONE!".

Second there were the damn movie marathons they did. Every weekend, while Jane tried to do homework, she was interrupted by damn space-craft noises and lasers shouting through every damn building. And they were not content to watch only one movie. They watched the whole saga! It was hours and hours of roaring and screaming until the hours of dawn until the silence lasted for a few seconds and they decided to start discussing - loud and clear - the best parts of the film.

And finally there were the parties. Those damn fucking parties.

It started out as a small gathering of friends who showed up at one time or another in their apartment. Jane tried not to get her head on it, she did not want to be a boring neighbor after all. There was nothing wrong with calling some friends to a visit. If she had more friends than Max she would definitely do the same.

But the number of friends was increasing. Increasing and increasing and increasing until every damn campus had already been in that hallway. They screamed and drank, they broke things, the music was so loud that the ground shook. There were so many people who did not fit in the apartment and they stood in the hall, laughing and talking so loudly that Jane did not hear her own thoughts. The wretches even stood on her doorframe because there was no more

space on the floor! They smashed drink on the front rug, rang the bell to use her bathroom!

Today was the last straw for her. The girl did not understand why she let the situation get so ugly. She did not know why she did not complain earlier...

Okay, actually she did.

It was because of *him*.

That damned adorable curly-haired boy, who was almost triple her height and wore the cutest sweaters she'd ever seen. She saw him sometimes when she went to get the letters, or to wash clothes or when they came screaming in the elevator and she looked through the magical eye of her door. He was a cutie, with his freckles and a shy smile. They never talked and in fact she thinks he never even saw her. The girl did not know which one he was - Dustin, Will, Mike or Lucas - but the way she was all red and embarrassed close to him was enough for Jane to avoid as much contact as possible.

But now she could not take it. It was almost two o'clock in the morning on a damn Thursday, and she had a most important test in two days. It does not matter if one of the neighbors is the most cute boy she has ever seen, they need to shut up and go to sleep!

Opening her door, she bumped into some of the teenagers who were too close to her apartment. She did not mind closing the door carefully, for Max slept like a rock and would not wake up with any noise. She marched to their apartment and entered through the open door, arms crossed and face red with anger. Where were these bastards?

The music was so loud that El's head was already starting to hurt. She tried to walk a little deeper into the apartment, but there were so many people that she was just being squashed. Jane was small so it was hard to get people to see that she was there, trying to pass. After a few minutes, when she was about to give up, she saw a familiar cap and recognized one of the boys - the most talkative of all - giving drinks to the guests.

She marched up to him and nudged his shoulder. He turned and his eyes flashed with recognition. When she opened her mouth to give him a sermon, the boy shouted,

"You came!".

Jane was speechless for a second, confused. What?

"Yes, you came!" her neighbor continued to scream with a huge smile. He grabbed her by the shoulders and began to push her through the party, without giving her the chance to speak. "Come, come, girl, do you have any idea how much work I had to get you out of your cave?"

"What?" Jane asked, stabbing her feet and preventing him from pushing her any further. "Sorry, but I think you're confusing me with someone."

"No, I'm not!" he replied as if she were dumb. "You are our neighbor, the mysterious and beautiful brunette who does not leave the apartment for nothing and was starting to leave me with no ideas."

"Look, I do not know what you're talking about, I came to ask you to turn off the music and go to bed," she said, her temper growing. The boy, however, seemed even more pleased.

"Damn, I knew the plan was going to work. What's your name?"

She looked at him for a few seconds wondering how much he drank.

"... Jane" replied for a few seconds as if he were an idiot.

"Well, it's a pleasure to finally meet you, Jane, I'm Dustin, and I'm so glad you finally showed up".

He grabbed her hand and began to drag her across the sea of people. Jane tried to stop him, but he was much bigger than her.

"Hey, I do not want to meet anyone, I did not come to the party. Are you listening to me? It's two o'clock in the morning and you need to learn to be quiet. Excuse me!".

They reached the kitchen and Dustin pushed her forward. Someone was stirring in the refrigerator, hidden behind the door.

"Hey, Mike, I have a surprise for you!" shouted Dustin pushing her a little farther forward and fled quickly from the kitchen. Jane turned to where he ran, ready to yell at him when she heard the refrigerator door close and a male voice say, "*holy shit*."

She turned and froze in place.

Oh no.

No no no no.

It's him.

In all his six-foot glory, with two bottles of vodka in his hand, staring at her wide-eyed. Jane suddenly felt very self-conscious about her bare feet, pajama pants, thin-sleeved blouse, and uncured curly hair. God, please, that she remembered to put on a bra. They stood like that for a few minutes, looking at each other with their faces flushed until he began to speak:

"Er ... I ... Hi."

"Hi ..." she replied, the anger she felt earlier being replaced by shyness.

"You ... you're our neighbor, right?"

"...Yes".

"Cool".

Silence for a few more seconds. He looked as shy as she and Jane wanted to laugh like a little girl how cute he looked.

"My name is Mike. Short for Michael," he said suddenly.

"I'm Jane, just Jane," she said with a giggle. He smiled back and Jane felt her whole body blush. Mike raised an arm to shake her hand, but suddenly he remembered he was holding two bottles.

"Oh," he exclaimed, placing the bottles on the counter that led into the living room. "Sorry about that. Are you enjoying the party?". It reminded her of why she was there.

"Not really," she said. "I came to ask you to turn the sound off. I can not hear my own thoughts in my apartment."

"Fuck," cursed Mike looking extremely embarrassed. "I'm sorry about that. I told Dustin that these parties were a bad idea, but he's stubborn and not a good listener."

"I know" she replied, leaning against the wall. "He did not take my complaints too seriously."

Mike leaned against the sink in front of her. He had long legs.

"I'm sorry," he replied with a shrug. "You and your friend probably hate us."

"Well ..." said Jane, suddenly embarrassed to admit that she was very angry with them. "We do not hate you, Max sleeps like a rock. The third war could explode in our living room, which would not affect her sleep. You are just a little... well, very noisy. The walls are thin, I can hear everything that you talk in my apartment. "

Mike blushed even harder and looked down at his feet. He seemed to know something she did not know.

"God, this is embarrassing," he moaned. "Again, I'm sorry. I will stop them from making noise from now on. I promise."

She believed his promise and smiled. The butterflies in her stomach were enraged as he smiled back.

Suddenly. Vanilla Ice's "Ice Ice Baby" started ringing and Jane squealed.

"I love that song!" she exclaimed.

"Me too," Mike commented, moving closer to her. "Will usually stays on the sound. He has a good taste in music."

"I know. I kind like it when you guys play The Clash."

"We love The Clash!" smiled Mike. Jane smiled back.

They kept talking till they lost track of time. When the clock struck nearly four o'clock in the morning, the couple were sitting on the kitchen floor side by side while Mike laughed at the story Jane was telling.

"I swear! Max simply thought it would be a great idea to dress up the Halloween villain for the party and suddenly appear in the living room window, and the whole party left the house screaming so loudly that the neighbors called the police!".

"Oh my God," Mike replied, holding his stomach from laughing so hard.

"Yeah, and my dad was the city sheriff, I still have shivers when I remember the look he gave us that night."

"We have to introduce her to Lucas. He's terrified of horror movies, I'm sure she can give him a heart attack."

"She'll love it," Jane laughed. "Lets make it happen".

"Yes ..." Mike replied, suddenly looking very enthusiastic. I turned to her and looked into her eyes. "Lets make it happen".

Sunddenly, a tall black boy appeared, interrupting them both. He looked a bit drunk and staggering.

"Hey, Mike, the party's over. You can help me collect the-" he started, but stopped when looked over Jane. "Damn it, she's here? I thought Dustin was joking!"

Mike blushed quickly and Jane frowned.

"Why does everyone seem to be thrilled that I'm here?" she asked. Mike opened his mouth to say something, but Lucas interrupted.

"Because we give the parties so that you can come !" answered. Maybe he was more drunk than he looked.

"Lucas, shut up," Mike murmured.

"But I'm serious," Lucas replied. "We've been trying to get your attention and your redheaded friend for months! But you two are hard to get out of the apartment!"

"Okay, Lucas, I think you'd better go to bed," exclaimed Mike, rising suddenly and shoving Lucas away from the kitchen. When he returned, Jane was standing, leaning against the sink, her arms folded.

"Mike ..." she said. "What are he talking about?"

He looked down at his own feet and then up, as if asking for divine help. He looked at her, still thinking about what to say, but when he saw her eyebrow lifted, he sighed.

"We ... Well, I ... I mean, Dustin ..." he stammered. "Oh fuck, we kind of wanted to talk to you and Max, but we did not know how to get your attention. Dustin came up with this stupid talk that if we can not go for you then we should bring you here, so...".

"You started making noise until I came to fight with you," Jane concluded. The way Mike avoided looking into her eyes was enough response. "And 'we' are all of you?"

"Well... no," Mike blushed. "It's me and Lucas. He has this huge crush on your friend."

Jane approached him, making him lean against the wall.

"And you?".

"What?".

"Do you have a huge crush on my friend?".

Mike blushed to the roots of his hair so hard he looked like he was going to be sick.

"No! No, no ... I ... I kind of have ... a huge crush on you?"

She giggled, suddenly feeling very brave. Maybe it was because she did not slept for hours and her mind was not working properly anymore. Or it was the hours she spent talking to him that made her think he was the coolest guy in the world.

"Is that a question?" she teased.

"No," he sighed. "It's a statement."

The two remained silent and Jane decided that she would have twenty seconds of insane courage. She came to him and stood on the tip of her foot, kissing him on the mouth.

It was a quick, simple, warm kiss. Just a light touch that made their hearts race.

"I'm happy," she replied. "But the next time you want to talk to us, just ring the bell. Good night, Mike."

She turned and left. Mike stayed frozen for a few seconds, until he slid down the wall and sat on the floor. He jumped merrily in the air and shouted,

"Hey, Dustin!"

"What?"

"You are a genius"

"I know".

Notes for the Chapter:

Hope you enjoy! See you in the next one <3

Author's Note:

Thank you so much for reading! I hope you enjoyed!
Remembering that I am always open to suggestions :)
see you in the next chapter!